

FRIENDS OF ACPL

JIMMY FLIES

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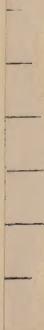
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OF ACPL**

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BY DOROTHY HEIDERSTADT



Illustrated by

INGER VEISE

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To
M. AND K.



JIMMY FLIES

Jimmy Jones was a boy
who was as brave as a
LION.

He was not afraid of
bears.



He was not afraid of
the dark.



He was not afraid even
of his COD LIVER OIL.
He took it without mak-
ing VERY much fuss.



But he WAS afraid of
airplanes.



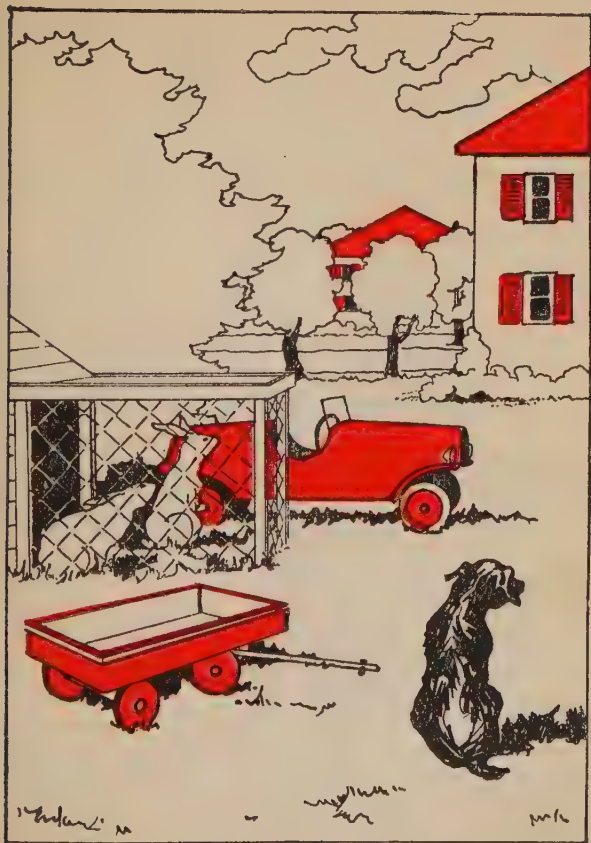
His father said: "I will do MY flying with one foot on the ground."

His mother said:
“Never, NEVER will I go
up in one of those things.”

Jimmy said: “What if the airplane forgot and flew away? What if it flew away past all the clouds, with ME in it?”



He said: "Then I would have to leave Jack, my dog. And my two white rabbits, Pinky and Poky. And my car. And my wagon."



Jimmy said: "No, no. I will not ever go up in an airplane."

But—he did!

One day, Jimmy and his father and his mother got into their car and drove away.



They drove to the new airport. It was called the Carfax Flying Field. It was built in a city so airplanes could land there.

This was the day it was all finished. Some great men were going to make speeches. Lindbergh was going to be there!

Lindbergh was the first man who flew across the Atlantic ocean. He went all by himself, in an airplane called The Spirit of St. Louis.



Lindbergh was going to make a speech on this day. Everybody came to hear him, and to see Carfax Field.

Great airplanes hummed around. They took off, and they landed. People rode in them. Pilots with goggles climbed in and out of them.



Jimmy began to get excited. He said: "I don't believe they forget and fly away. Most of them come back, I guess."

But still—what if one did not?

A man came up to the car where Jimmy and his father and his mother were sitting. It was his Cousin Joe from St. Louis.

“I FLEW from St. Louis,” said Cousin Joe.

Jimmy’s eyes grew bigger and bigger.

“Come on,” said Cousin Joe to Jimmy’s father. “Want to go up?”

“No,” said Jimmy’s father. “I do MY flying with one foot on the ground. I only came to see Lindbergh.”

“Oh, we’ll have time to go up before he gets here,” said Cousin Joe. And then—and then—

“How about YOU, young man?” said Cousin Joe to Jimmy. “Would YOU like to go up?”



And Jimmy, the boy who was as brave as a lion, but afraid of airplanes, said bravely: "All right! I'll go!"

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They went.

At first, Jimmy's mother said No. Because she felt that it was not SAFE.

Cousin Joe said these
were VERY CAREFUL
pilots.

Jimmy said nothing.
But he looked at his
mother in an ag-on-ized
way, because now he
wanted to go badly.

Just then an airplane
landed. A man and two
little boys stepped out.
The boys were the same
size as Jimmy.

They shouted joy-fully:
“Fine ride! Fine ride!”

They hopped along beside their father.



Jimmy's mother said:
"Very well, Jimmy. You
may go."

Around the fence they
went, Jimmy and Cousin
Joe. People were looking
through the fence at the
flying-field.

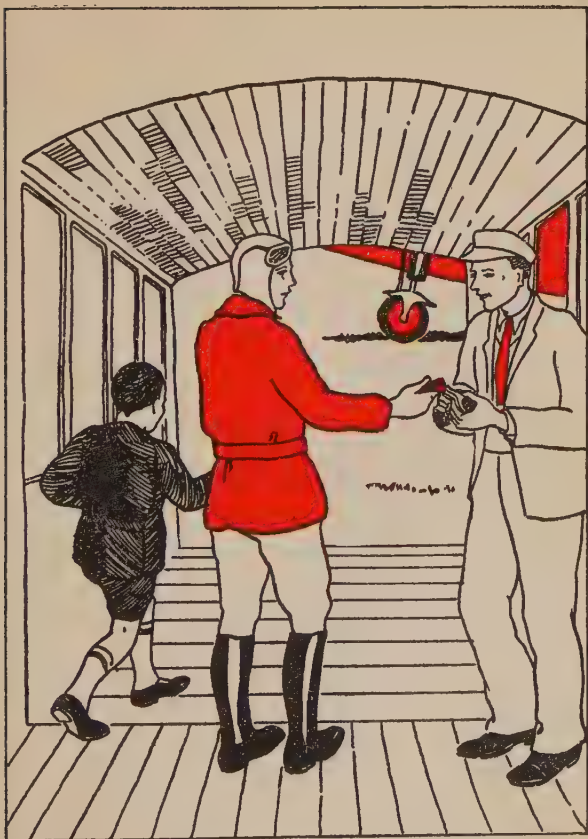


Airplanes were buzzing all around. Cousin Joe bought the tickets from a man in a yellow sweater. There were a great many of these men in little booths, shouting: "Buy a ticket here! Buy a ticket here!"

TICKETS



Jimmy and Cousin Joe went over to a long, covered runway. They showed their tickets to the man at the head of the runway. They went down the runway and showed their tickets to the man at the foot of it. The man said, "Your plane will be in in five minutes."



Jimmy looked around him. He saw the great hangars where the planes are kept when they are not flying. He saw the people peering through the fence. He saw the other people waiting by the runway for their planes.



He saw the great airplanes swooping down with roaring motors. There were airplanes with three propellers whirling around. There were airplanes with only one propeller whirling around. When the airplanes landed, there was a great wind. Dust flew and cinders flew.



“Here is our plane,”
said Cousin Joe. They
walked over to it. It was
all full of glass windows.
They climbed up a step,
and went in at a door.
There were leather seats
inside the airplane, like
the seats in a bus. The
engine roared and
roared.



The pro-pel-ler
whirled. Cinders flew.
Jimmy looked out of his
window. They were off!



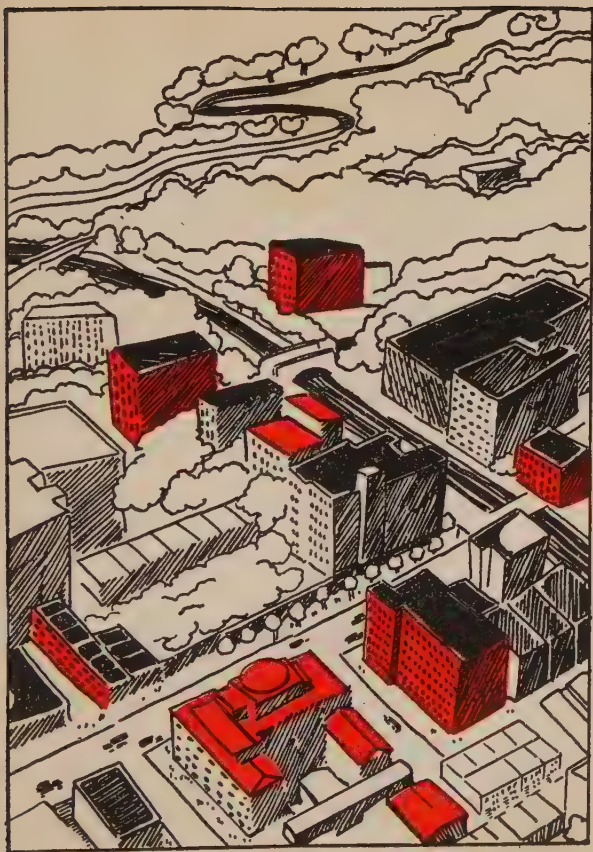
Bumpety - bumpety-
bump!

The airplane bumped
across the field.

And then—and then—
it began to rise right up
in the air.



Up above the river it flew. Smooth, like a bird flying. Jimmy looked down. There were all the people, getting farther and farther away.



There was the wing of the airplane outside his window. There, all around them, was the blue sky like a bowl turned over them.

“How fast are we going?” a man shouted to the pilot.

“One hundred miles an hour!” shouted the pilot.

They had to shout.
The motor made so much
noise.

One hundred miles an
hour! But it seemed to
Jimmy that they were
hanging up there in the
air, and not moving at all.
Nothing went past them.
There was only the sky.

He looked down .
There were the towers of
the city. Down below,
the houses were like toy
houses, with all their lit-
tle lawns and gardens.
Tiny street-cars crawled
along the streets. Tiny
automobiles moved along
beside them.

Jimmy laughed. It was
like a toy town, way
down below.



Suddenly, when they were over the river, he felt as if he were going down in an elevator. Then the feeling stopped.

“An air pocket!” shouted Cousin Joe to Jimmy. “We fell a few feet!”

“How many?” shouted another man.

“Thirty feet!” shouted the pilot.

Just then, there was a great roar. Another airplane was coming straight towards them. It looked all silver in the sunlight. It ZIG-ZAGGED right in front of them.

It whizzed past Jimmy's window. The pilot in it waved his arm and laughed.

“It’s Lindbergh!”
shouted Cousin Joe.

It was!

Jimmy had a queer
feeling. Queerer than
the one when they fell in
the air pocket.



It was because Lindbergh had just flown past his window. Jimmy looked down where all the people were, below. They would see him riding in parades. They would hear him make speeches. But Jimmy Jones had seen him flying past his window!

Jimmy thought of how he had been afraid of airplanes. He had been afraid that they sometimes forgot to come back. But some airplanes went clear across oceans, and came back!

He turned and watched the plane with Lindbergh in it.

HE had flown farther than the clouds! HIS airplane had come back!

Jimmy knew that he was not ever going to be afraid of airplanes again.

Then all too soon,
Jimmy saw that they
were leaving the city and
going back to the airport.

He took one last look at the tall buildings down below. He saw a long, long train going along beside the river. Then he saw the big dome of the airdrome. The airplane was landing!



It coasted gently down.
It was like sliding down
the shoot-the-chutes at
the park. It was like slid-
ing down the wind.



Bumpety - bumpety-
bump!

The airplane bumped
across the field and
stopped. Jimmy and
Cousin Joe climbed out,
and stood on the ground.
Motors hummed and cin-
ders flew around them.
The ride was over.

Jimmy's father and his mother were standing inside the fence. They saw him get out of his airplane. He ran over to the fence.

He shouted: “Oh,
Father, I want to be a
pilot!”



Jimmy's father said:
"All right, son. But as for
me, I'll do my flying with
one foot on the ground."

They went to hear Lindbergh make his speech. It had long words in it, words like trans-con-ti-nen-tal, and trans-por-ta-tion.

Jimmy was not listening very well.

He was wondering how long it took to learn to ZIGZAG. He was wondering how far it was across the Atlantic Ocean.

All the boys and girls
at school said Jimmy was
a hero. Because he had
flown in an airplane.
And because he was not
afraid.



Some of them said he
was as brave as a lion.
But some of them said he
was BRAVER than a lion!

Lions are not afraid of
bears.

And they are not afraid
of the dark.

Probably they are not
afraid even of COD
LIVER OIL.

But what lion would
EVER go for a ride in an
airplane?

